HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO. THIRTY-NINE AND NINETEEN.

Into the room, with a nameless grace,
Glided a maiden, just nineteen;
The faint rose blush on her fair young
Set off a beauty but rarely seen;
Brought to a poet who stood apart.
She archly spoke of his "well-kn

name"—
They taiked of verses, of books and art
With a common passion, and words attame

His hair was not yet touched with gray.
And youth's first longing lit up his byes;
He had waited for years for this sweet array.
Of matchiese beauty—and sharp surprise
The jostling groups went round and round.
And charming women and men passed through;
Among the tableaux not one was found.
That mated so well as this fated two.

THE DAY AFTER THE PARTY. wata she rhought.

Whe seemed to like me—that is sure—
But then, he had to be polite;
The young men there i could not cedure—
I wish I could see him again to night;
But he lives with books, and on forty fare,
What could be care for a girl like me?
So, I still must dress and taxz my hair
For some brainless fop of the third degree.

"Yet, when my carriage came to the door, It was he who saw me safely in. I have had attentions I ke this before. And words that thought they were sure win; But somehow, his hand's touch thrilled me

through.
And he put on my shawl with so much care,
hope I he was smitten—I wish I knew
I would write him a note, but I do not dare." WHAT HE THOUGHT.

"I sit at my desk, but I can not write.
Her beauty is still before my eyes;
Of all the women (saw last night.
Or eyersaw, she listene I to what I said.
And tried to make me feel at ease;
A g ri with so line a face and head
Knows well the arts by which to please

"But I thought, as we parted, I saw a gian That took no note of differing years;
Who knows but her dreams of true romance,
Once fathomed, would dissipate my fears!
What if I try my laggard fate,
And see if Love shall be dispossessed
Simply because it has happened late?
Oh, gosslping world, you may guess the
rest."

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

WHAT THE GOSSIPING WOULD TROUGHT. "Who would have thought it—and he so old.
And she so Irolicsome, young and fair."
One heard "he was rich," and one was told.
'She had lost one beau, and didn't care."
"Why, they're soon to be married—that girl

"What she to that ancient, critical beau?"
Well well, if curr isn't quite a feat!
Who will marry next, I should like to know?"
-- Joel Benton, in Merchant Traveler.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

The Scene of a War Romanos Laid in a Collar.

By making a gigantic effort I had at last succeeded in pushing up the heavy sash of the old-fashioned guillotine window, and now, sitting in the broad window-seat, I was enjoying the scent of the great syringa bush, which grew so close to the house that had the opportunity, so that sitting in the window was almost like being in an arbor I was in Germany, of course, for guillotine dows, as we call them, are still the fashion in Eugland, I bear.

Yes; I was in Germany, and it was the day before Whit Sunday-a lovely May day-and I was just sixteen.

I am a good deal more than sixteen now I am a good deal more than sixteen now, but still, often, when the syringa is in blossom, and the delicious fragrance comes floating round me, the whole scene rises again before my eyes, and I see the old-fashioned garden, with its quaintly-cut yews and box-hedges, and the apple trees loaded with blossoms; the wainscotted room, with the faded red carpet, and antiquated furniture and ornaments; and, looking through the folding-doors into the dining-room beyond. I see the long table decked for some festal occasion, two chairs wreathed with flowers, and before them, on the table, two bouquets composed of sprays of myrtle.

I see, too, sitting opposite me in a capa-I see, too, sitting opposite me in a capacious armchair, my grandmother, a little' old ladv in a white lace cap, with a prayer-book on her knees, which she was reading here at home because she could not get as far as the chapel beyond the town gate. I had been there myself that morning, all in a hurry, just to see how it looked before I brought Granny to the house, and I had seen that it was beautifully decked with flowers, and that there were wax tapers enough to dazzle one.

After that I had come back to the "wed-ding house" and waited, for I could not leave Granny quite alone; and while I waited I puzzled myself to make out why Uncle Dernau, as we all called him, and his wife should have chosen to celebrate their golden wedding in the little country chapel instead of in the large town church, which manuals a much more appropriate.

mscad at in the large town cauca, which seemed so much more appropriate.

Then, too, I wondered what could be the meaning of sundry mysterious allusions which I had heard made in the course of the evening before. They had seemed to amuse the rest very much, but I could make nothing of them.

Uncle Dernau's little wife was a favorite

Uncle Derman's little wife was a favorite little woman, with bright eyes, brown hair without a touch of grey in it, and had very small hands and feet. How we had all admired her the night before, when, for "the very last time," as she said, she had danced the charming minuet, which had been arranged in her honor. I can see her now in her old-fashloned, marvelously short waisted dress of silk, with a three-cornered fichu crossed over her chest, little shoes without heels, wide ribbon sandals and embroidered stockings. Uncle Derman himself was her partner, and at the close of the dance he made her a low bow, saying with a gleam of fun and mischief in his eyes; "Madame, you dance like a Frenchwoman,

"Madame, you dance like a Frenchwoman, and I believe I made a mistake after all in carrying you off from the French monsieur!"

Every one laughed at this, and Aunt Dernau blushed like a young girl. What did it all mean? Could I ask Granny! I wondered. She had told me once that Aunt Dernau was her oldest and her dearest friend, and that some day she would tell me her history. Could I romind her of her promise now!

friend, and that some day she would tell me her history. Could I romind her of her promise now?

As I looked at her she took off her spectacles and closed her prayer-book, and slipping down from my throne in the window. I scated myself on a stool at her feet.

"Granny," I said coaxingly, "couldn't you tell me your friend's story now! You know you promised, and it is just the right day for it. They won't he back for a couple of hours yet, what with the service first, and then the wedding, and a long sermon, and all the congratulations, so we have plenty of time."

Just then we caught the sound of distant church-bells, by which we knew that the bridal procession must be getting near the chape!

church-bells, by which we knew that the bridal procession must be getting near the chapel.

"Ah, child," said my grandmother, "it was a beautiful time whos we two werey young, Lorchen and I; you never saw such a little wild thing as she was. They called her 'the bird,' because she was so quick and graceful, and had such bright eyes in her pretty little head. There was not a prettier girl far or near, and there was something about her so different from other girls, that one could hardly take one's eyes off her; she was so dainty and so distingue.

"And Lorchen herself was so well aware of the fact, that she was a perfect little despot. All the men, old and young, did her homage, and many a one did his best to catch and keep the little bird. But this was not so easy, for Lorchen was obstinate, and her greatest daight was to tease and torment her admirers whenever she had the opportunity. I often used to soold her for it: for, being her most intimate friend, I acted as confessor, and she always honestly told me her misdeeds. Sometimes, we got really angry with one another after a ball or a picnic, when her list of confessions was unusually long. But where was the neef She knew that I could not help for giving her, as she said, directly she asked me, little fonding puss that she was; and she knew, to, that all young men she had fooled and tormented would be at her feet again directly. You know that song:

"I know a maiden fair to see.

Take care!

She can both faise and friendly be!" 'She has two eyes so soft and brown.

She gives a sice glance and looks down.
Take care!
Trust her not, she's fooling thee! Trust her not, she's fooling thee!"
"Well, child, that was Lore all over; just as if it had been written for her. But you mustn't think badly of her, for all that. She was # dear, sweet little thing; and in spite of all her follies, she had a good, houses heart. As I said, she was universally admired; and so it seemed strange that young Dernau, the merchant, who was a next-door neighbor of hers, should be so stiff and cold, and take no notice at all of her. Sometimes I twitted her with the fact that he had never once danced with her, and was quite insensible to her charms. That always made her angry, and she would pout her rosy lips and say." I'm sure I don't want him, Christel; he's a bear!"

and she would pout her rosy lips and say.

"I'm sure I don't want him, Christel; he's a bear?"

"Well, you know, bad times came for poor Germany. The French conquered us, and the King and our beautiful Queen Louisa had to fly with their children; and it seemed as if we should all become French subjects. It was a bad time for us in our little town, for the authorities favored the enemy, and we were disturbed by sounds of fighting all around us. Ah, it was terribly sad! for all prosperity was at an end, and we spent our days in misery and auxiety. Poor Lorchen had, too, a special trouble of her own, for accounts of the wild doings of the French reached us from all sides, and it was said that they had a very rough-andready way of courting, for if a German girl took their fancy they just sent their soldiers to carry her off and then took her away with them to the war. We were constantly hearing of deeds of violence and robbery, and the laws, being administered either by the French or their adherents, afforded us no redress or protection whatever. What could we do! People hid their valuables as far as they could in hollow trees, behind walls, or in the ground, and whenever any Frenchmen were known to be in the neighborhood, they hid their wives and daughters as well. Poor Lorchen had the hardest time of all, for her mother was so nervous that she was always seeing danger, and she insisted on the poor girl's spending the greater part of the day down in the cellar, and many an afternoon I spent there, too, keeping her company.

"Look, said, on one of these occasions, 'you can see straight into Neighbor Dernau's garden through this little window."

"But Lorchen blushed and turned her head without answering. One Whitsun Eve, a lovely May day, just like to-day, a number of the enemy's troops passed through the town, and of course Lore had to sit in the cellar and get through the time as best she might."

head without answering. One Whitsun Eve, a lovely May day, just like to-day, a number of the enemy's troops passed through the town, and of course Lore had to sit in the cellar and get through the time as best she might. As soon as the terrible 'Parlevouhs,' as we called them, had all gone through and out of the town gate, the captive was let out, and what must the silly girl do but go to the sitting-room window and lean out. After being in prison so long, she enjoyed the sweet spring air doubly, and it amused her to watch what was going on in the street. But misfortune never slumbers, and, as it fell out, a young French officer came past leading his horse by the bridle, and looking for a blacksmith, as the animal had cast a shoe. He had no sooner caught sight of the lovely little head among the roses which clustered round the window, than he threw the reins to a boy and dashed up the steps like a madman. It did not take him a minute, but Lore was as quick as he, and had slipped back into her hiding-place. Still, where was the use of that, when the Freachman had seen her and was bent upon finding her?

had seen her and was bent upon finding her?

"I want to see the pretty demoiselle," he cried in his broken German, and he insisted upon searching first all the rooms in the house, then the garrets, and finally the cellar! It was useless to say him nay, for he was master of the situation, and Lorchen's poor mother followed him down the cellar-stairs trembling.

But, wonder of all wonders, the nest was empty; the bird had flown! Finding, therefore, that his search was vain, the young officer flew into a rage, and, anatching up a little ivory miniature of Lore, dashed out of the house, vowing that he would come back next with a whole squadron and stay till the girl was found. As soon as he was gone, Lore's mother sank down in a chair and burst into tears, feeling utterly bewildered and altogether at her wits' end. But she had not wept long when her neigabor, young Dernau, made his appearance, and, to her extreme surprise, asked her with all due form and ceremony to accept him as a suitor for her daughter's hand.

prise, asked her with all due form and ceremony to accept him as a suitor for her daugiter's hand.

""Ach" cried the poor woman, 'Lorchen is gone—clean gone; she is not in her hiding place; and if I could find her to-day, where's the use, when to-morrow that French villain is coming to carry her off!

I'm a poor, miserable, helpless woman—what can I do! O, this dreadful war!

"But the young man only laughed in an embarrassed sort of way, and then said:

"Only trust me, mother, if I may call you so, and depend upon it I shail be able to take good care of Lorchen when once I have the right. In the cellar she is, however, at the present moment, though not in

ever, at the present moment, though not in yours!"

"So saying, he led the astonished dame into his house and down ever so many stairs, and there sure enough was the captive is his ceilar, doubly a captive now, and a little shamefaced and tearful, but still looking very happy as she fell on her mother's neck, and begged her to give her and Karl her blessing. And so it came to pass that they were betrothed in the cellar, and immediately after all sorts of mysterious preparations were made in both houses, and at last the good pastor himself was called in to give his advice. At eleven of clock that same night there was enacted one of the strangest scenes which our peaceful, sober-going little town ever witnessed; for a young couple were married in the darkness, in the old chapel outside the Martini gate, and you may lungine my utter amazement at being mysteriously sent for at such an hour, and then finding myself taken to the chapel to be one of the witnesses to my Lore's marriage, the others being her mother and Dermau's most intimate friend, Fritz Berger.

"It seemed uncommonly dismal to a girl

Berger.

"It seemed uncommonly dismal to a girl of seventeen, as I was then, with my head stuffed full, too, of all sorts of tragical stories. It was a mild, dark night; the

"It seemed uncommonly dismal to a girl of seventeen, as I was then, with my head stuffed full, too. of all sorts of tragical stories. It was a mild, dark night; the sky was much overcast; and ever and anon a distant flash of lightning announced that a storm was coming up. The feeble glimmer from the two tapers on the altar seemed only to make the darkness darker, and the flamesfilekered incessantily as the wind came sweeping in in gusts, and making the boughs of the old lime-tree rattle against the church windows. It was enough to make one shudder, child, I can tell you! The venerable old pastor who had married Lorchen's father and mother, and baptized Lorchen herself, gave only a short address: but, it was all the more impressive for that, and we were all very much touched by it. When the ceremony was over I belped the sobbling bride to take off her wreath of myrtle and put on a very large hood, which was part of the peasant's costume, such as used to be worn about here, which she was going to wear as a disguise. The poor mother was speechless with grief, and seemed quite dazed at the prospect of losing her beloved daughter.

"Meantime, Karl Dernau, who had also dressed himself like a peasant, had brought a poor, miserable, one horsed covered cart to the door of the chapel, and, after the most heartrending leave-takings, Lorchen was lifted in, weeping bitterly. The night had grown pitch-black by this time; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled in the distance; but, under cover of the dark, ness, the pair safely effected their escape across the neighboring frontler, to where the French may form the reliant that we who were left behind felt a comfortable assurance that our little bird would be safely hidden in her nest with him for her protector. Two years passed and in the meantime I had been married in the regular, ordinary way, in broad daylight, with bridesmaids and welding breakfast, and without any of the rather uncanny romance which had attended Lorchen's wedding. Still, who knows whether the more

quiet hour, Lorchen told me the story of her betrothal, which I had never properly understood till then.

"You see, Christel,' said she, 'you and I were very intimate, and you did know all my secrets—almost; but you did not know that I had cared for Karl for a long time past. I was saasamed to confess it either to you or myself. But when he came to the cellar window that dreadful day, just when I was in the greatest danger, and drove it in—I was too dazed to dare to open it myself—and when he lifted me up, and before I well knew where I was, took me into the cellar of his own house, well, then I knew I did care for him, and I began to cry. And then he sat down by me and quietly took hold of my hand, and when I was able to speak I thanked him and begged his pardon for having made such fun of him before. You can guess what followed. Our betrothal was not very romantic, Christel, for we sat upon an old sugar chest, and my dress was torn and dusty, and the air of the cellar was dank and musty. But what did we care for that! There were roses all yound us, and we were in Elysium; and as for the romance, we had enough before the day was out to last a whole lifetime."

"This was Lorchen's confession, and we both thanked Heaven for making us so happy and bringing us together again. We were happy, indeed, and this helped us to bear our daily cares, for we were still in a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and the clouds hung thick and black over the political sky. There were no christening feasts when our little ones were baptised, and, in spite of our real happiness, a good many tears fell upon the little heads. But at last there was a change! Suddenly it was as if a fresh wind had begun to blow. No one knew whence it had come, but it was as if a fresh wind had begun to blow. No one knew whence it had come, but it was as if a fresh wind had begun to blow. No one knew whence it had come, but it was tere, and we all felt invigorated by it. Lore and I, too, soon noticed that there was a great deal going on behind the scene

were keeping from us, and after bearing it patiently for a little while we determined to put an end to such an unnatural state of things.

"Well, we found it all out, and learned that Karl and Fritz were members of a secret league which had branches every where throughout Germany, and was formed to deliver the Fatherland from her foreign masters. The "wagoners" were members too, and the goods they brought were arms, which they stored in the cellar; and there, in what had been Lorchen's prison, the confederates held their meetings. On these occasions, now that we knew what was going on, we used to do our part by lighting up the chandeliers in the drawing-room, clinking glasses together and carrying wine bottles and dishes to and fro, to divert attention from what was going on down below, and to throw dust in people's eyes.

"As soon neever our good King issued his appeal 'to my people,' we saw the result of all these secret preparations. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and every German heart was all aglow. Oh, child, it was a grand time, and I shall never forget the day when the pastor read out the King's proclamation in the market place—for there was not room for the crowd in the church—and called on all the men to come forward and take part in a holy war to expel the enemy. There never was such excitement, before or since! Friends and acquaintances embraced one another, and the most bitter enemies shook hands. The first to volunteer to fight for wife, and child and home were Karl Dernau and my Fritz; and numbers and numbers followed their example. Then came the leave-takings, and those were sade enough. I fainted away, but Lorchen behaved like a little heroine.

"We two kept together through all that time of terrible waiting and fighting and misery. But at last—at last came the news of victory, and all the hills blazed with bonfires. The Fatherland was free, and our loved ones were safe and coming home crowned with laurels! We had suffered a great deal, but we hough to urselves fortunate in having been allowed

net told me a bit too much; I could listen all day—""
"Well," said she with a smile, "you deserve something for giving up going to the chapel to sit with an old woman. When I began I only meant to tell you how Aunt Dernau was imprisoned in the cellar, that you might see what a dangerous gift beauty is!"

"H—m, Granny, I don't like your mora!" I answered. "The French are far enough off now, and for my own part I shouldn't mind running the risk of being tolerably nice-looking."

Granny was going to scold, but the corners of her mouth twitched, and before she could recover herself, I had jumped up, exclaiming:

exclaiming:
"Listen, the bells have been ringing this long time; the wedding is over and they will be here directly!" I went once more hastly through the

will be here directly!"

I went once more hastily through the rooms to see that everything was in order, and then I strewed flowers all down the stairs to the front door, and then Granny and I waited at the window.

Soon the head of the procession made its appearance—such a long, long procession! First came the old people, several couples, and then the young ones, and lastly the grandchildren all decked with flowers; but the bridal pair, who were that day celebrating their golden wedding, were the most beautiful sight of all.

Aunt Dermau looked lovely in her blus-flowered damask and three-cornered lace handkerchief, with the golden sprays of myrtle in her hair; and Uncle Dermau, with his snow-white curly hair, and tall, upright figure, looked most dignified and quite grand, too; for, besides the golden sprig in his button-hole, he wore the orders and decorations which he had won during the war. How tender and careful he was of his little wife, too. the war. How tender and careful he was of his little wife, too.

Just as tender and affectionate as he had

DANGERS IN AFRICA.

The Savage Crocodiles and Hippopotam of the Congo Country. "The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," says Mr. Stanley, "are the crocodile, hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are a number of hippo-potami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his vivid graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has ap-proached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing in sight, noth-ing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile; it has spotted the swimmer, and is watching the opportunity; the swimmer approaches; he is within striking distance; stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing till he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all.—N. Y. Hersid.

-"In this country a large excess of food is consumed, not only by well-to-do people, but also by the poor. The excess of food consists metally of meats and swentments." This conclusion is given as the result of an investigation into the diet of laborers recently made by Colonel Carroll Dewright, Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Labor.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SLEEPY SONG.

The stars are unveiling.
The round moon is saling
High up in the blue of the sky;
The crickets are droning.
The sea-bar is meaning.
And the bats with a whirr go by.
leep, baby, sleep! Dream on, little dear!
othing can harm you while mamma is not

A dozen sweet kisses,
The kindest of wishes,
A lingering wistfully near;
A yearning unbroken,
A prayor unspoken,
There s much in the future to fear,
eep, caby, sleep! Dream on, little dearl
othing can harm you while mamma is a

In Heaven there rest is,
And God knows what best is,
Then why should I worry or fear?
I'll sive you, my treasure,
A love without measure,
And leave you with Him, little dear!
sep, baby, sleep! Dream on, httle dearliching can harm you while mamma is ne
Frank H. Staufer, in Good Housekeeping

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Thompson's Story of His Adventure with Jersey Mosquitoes.

The other afternoon an odd-looking erson entered my office. The figure and general appearance was Mr. Thompson's, but the face was one mass of red blotches, swollen and almost unrecognizable. I stared at him a moment before I could determine who it was. He bore the scrutiny with bad grace, and exclaimed: "Well, what's the matter now? Didn't you ever see me before?"

"Not when you looked as you do

now," I replied. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

been doing to yourself?"
"I haven't been doing any thing. I went out in Jersey to spend Sunday and have a good time, that's all," answered Mr. Thompson.
"Mosquitoes?" I inquired.
Mr. Thompson nodded.
"Tell me about it," I urged.
At first Mr. Thompson was very reluctant, but after some persuasion he

onsented.

Mr. Thompson had a day or two on his hands which he did not exactly know what to do with, so he concluded

to spend them at a quiet little village among the Jersey hills.

"They told me that there were no mosquitoes and no malaria," he re-marked, plaintively, as he swallowed a quinine pill; "and look at me now."

All went well until Saturday evening. All went well until Saturday evening, when the little hotel was invaded by a party of roistering young clerks from New York, who were bent upon having a good time. They sat up all the evening with a bright light burning in their room, and the windows open. The result was that the room was speedily sult was that the room was speedily filled with mosquitoes. The hungry insects feasted for awhile upon the convivial young men, and then, flying out through the transom, entered Mr. Thompson's room in the same manner. After buzzing around Mr. Thompson's head for some time, they seated themselves in a row on the foot-board of the bed and becan to sing.

bed and began to sing.
"You have no idea how dreadful it
was," said poor Mr. Thompson, shuddering at the remembrance of the scene.

"That's so," they all cried in chorus.
And before Mr. Thompson could do
any thing they were buzzing around
his ears and making victous thrusts at every uncovered part of his body. After a time, however, they seemed to get tired, and sat on the foot-board of the bed again to rest.

Mr. Thompson was relieved, and

soon began to breathe gently through his nose. That's what he says; you and would call it snoring.
"Just listen to him!" remarked one

of the mosquitoes. "He's talking."
"Yes; and he hasn't a bad voice,"

commented another.

"More like a frog than one of us, though," said a third. "He may be a very decent fellow, for all that," suggested a fourth.
"I am—I am," interrupted Mr.

Thompson, who was anxious to obtain the favor of the little pests in the hope that they would cease bothering him.

"What did you throw the pillow at us for, then?" demanded the first,

said Mr. Thompson.
"Of course we were," answered the mosquito. "If you were a mosquito you'd annoy people. It's our nature." "Ch, I'm sure I should not," asserted

Mr. Thompson. "Try it and see," said the mosquito,

with a sarcastic buzz.

Mr. Thompson says that he never knew it he was floating around in the air over the bed, making a tremendous humming, and finally he settled down on the foot of the bed.

"Well, how do you like it?" inquired the mosquito.
"It's jolly," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, enthusiastically; "but I'm awfully

wheell go into the next room and get something to eat," said the mosquito, and, in accordance with the suggestion, Mr. Thompson followed his new-found friends out over the his new-found friends out over the transom and into the next room. Here they bezzed around the room, and Mr. Thompson pleads guilty to a malicious joy ir humming around the beads of the young men and annoying them in every possible way. He says that he has no idea how long they remained there, but finally growing tired, they returned to his room and settled down on the foot of his bod again to rest.

"Where did you come from?" queried Mr. Thompson, as he gave a last flutter to his wings and drew one long cobwebby leg up under him with a hum of satisfaction.

"Oh, we were blown up from the flats on the breeze," replied the mosquito. "We were born down in the marshes—hatched, I should say."

"How long do you live?" pursued Mr. Thompson.

"That depends upon the kind of linek we have," realied the mosquito, sadly. "Our cousins, the Trists, live only one day, but we are sometimes a week old before we die."

"And plenty long enough, too," muttered Mr. Thompson. Luckily,

the mosquito did not hear him, and it continued, after a pause:

"We don't have half a chance here, we are so small and so few. In some parts of South America we are so plentiful that swarms of us have been known to kill horses and cattle. But we are a large family, and have relations all over the world. We all belong to the Culex family, and gnats, midges and gallinippers are our first. midges and gallinippers are our first cousins."

"Yes?" said Mr. Thompson, trying "Yes?" said Mr. Thompson, trying to appear interested.

"Oh yes," said the mosquito. I'll tell you what I'll do—you seem like a good fellow; and to-morrow night I'll bring up a swarm of my cousins, the gnats, and a lot of jolly mosquitos and we'll make a night of it."

"If you do I'll put up a net!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson.
"Oh, you will, will you?" hummed the mosquitoes, angrily, in chorus, and

"Oh, you will, will you?" hummed the mosquitoes, angrily, in chorus, and forthwith began a simultaneous attack upon poor Mr. Thompson. He says he has no idea how it came about, but he suddenly found himself in bed again, and vigorously fighting the mosquitoes which were swarming around his head. But no matter how hard he slapped, they kept coming, until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke in the morning his face was so swollen that he could hardly open his eyes, and he made a rapid escape from that mosquito-haunted locality.

When Mr. Thompson had finished telling the story, he looked at me sharply to see if I believed him. I suppose my face must have shown that I regarded his story with distrust, for he said, in an offended tone: "I suppose you think I dreamed it, eh?"

"Well—" I ventured, mildly.

"Oh yes; well! well!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "Well, I suppose I did not talk to the most.

"Oh yes; well! well!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "Well, I suppose I did not talk to the mosquito; and well, I suppose I didn't get the malaria; and well, I suppose I dreamed this face. WELL!" and Mr. Thompson bolted out of the room, slamming the door hard beginn.— Allen Forman, in Harper's Young

TIP AND ROLLO.

One a Faithful and Wise Messenger, and

Ways. Tip is a coach dog, and Rollo is Newfoundland puppy. Tip's hair is short and straight. Rollo's is long and curly. Tip is brindle. Rollo is black. Each has two white stockings and white shirt-front, and both have big brown eyes. Rello's twinkle and almost laugh outright, but Tip's are such wistful eyes that little Nell's lashes are always wet after she has taken a long look into them; be-cause poor Tip wants to talk so much, and can't, you know."

Ned doesn't believe there ever were

two such splendid old fellows outside of story books. For Tip and Rollo are real, live dogs, and that is the best part of it.

Tip is papa's right-hand man. He couldn't get along without him. Nor could mamma, for that matter. When

was," said poor Mr. Thompson, shuddering at the remembrance of the scene.
"It was bad enough while they contented themselves with pulling the clothes off the bed and bitting me through two blankets and throwing my shoos at each other."

"What!" I exclaimed; "the mosquitoes," replied Mr. Thompson. "But when they began to sing 'We won't go home till morning,' I could stand it no longer. I threw my pillow at them, and they all flew away, and I sank back exhausted."

It is my private opinion that at this juncture Mr. Thompson went to sleep; but he insists that he only lay for a few minutes, and was falling into a doze, when he heard them coming back more noisy than before.

"He threw that pillow at us; let's throttle him," exclaimed one, angrily.
"No, no; let's bite him," urged a second.
"That's so," they all cried in cherus. nesting out on the swift tide. Rollo knows what money is, and fancies he takes better care of it than papa does. Once papa went into the grocer's to pay a bill. He put the money on the counter, and hurried to his office. In a few minutes the store-keeper same running in. "Come down and call off your dog!" said he. "He growls at me pretty savage every time I try to touch those bills." When papa went down, there sat Rollo, and he would hardly come away.

Come away.
One day Ned carried his shoes to the boot-maker's to be mended. All the way home Rollo kept pulling his jacket and trying to make him turn back. As Ned paid no attention to him, Rollo rushed off alone. Fretty soon he raced rushed off alone. Pretty soon he raced up with those shees in his mouth. When Ned took them back again, the shoemaker said there was such a scratching and barking outside the door that he opened it, when a big dog flew past him, snatched up the shoes, and was gone before he could say "Jack Robinson."

Now Tip doesn't do such funny things. He is such a sober dog. He would have known that papa intended to leave the money, and have understood that Ned didn't want his shoes taken away.

taken away.

A little while ago papa went out to the pasture to catch two of the colts, and Tip went to help. When they had eadight the first one, papa gave Tip the halter and sent him to the barn, two halter and sent him to the barn, two miles away. It was some time before the second celt was captured, but when papa lad him into the stable the other was in his own stall, and in the manger lay Tip, the halter still in his mouth. You see, papa had quite forgotten that a dog couldn't tie a knot.

Rollo just enjoys teasing Tip. Every morning he used to follow when Tip drove the cows to water, splash into the stream and make the brook so muddy that the cattle refused to drink. One day Tip rolled the scamp over upon his back and held him still with his heavy pay until the cows had finished. Rollo never tried that trick again.

Still the two are very fond of each other, and though sometimes Tip's wagging tall and longing eyes say that Rollo has received quite his share of Ned's attention, and occasionally Rollo gives a short bark if Ned pets Tip very mush. I don't believe there are two bester dog-friends in the world than Tip and Rollo.— Youth's Companion.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE LORD'S FACE.

olden times, when miracles were wrought, dous monk, whose only care or thought Was of God's glory, lived and strove to win The suffering world from sorrow, pain and

He nursed the sick, and loosed the bonds man's chain, And suffering never sought his aid in vain His faith was great; and yet he oft was moved By strong desire to know his life approved; To get from Heaven some miracle or sign. Some sanction of his life by Lord Divine. And thus he prayed: "Lord, if I go astray Do Thou direct me in the heavenly way!

And, if my life's acceptable to Thee, Do show, dear Lord, Thy loving face to me." But days went by, and summers went and His life unchanged, his daily prayer the

But all in vain; for to his yearning cry All Heaven seemed deaf. The Lord no reply. At last, with age grown gray, with suffer-ing bent, His carthly substance gone, his strength all spent.

Upon a mossy bank, with weary sigh, He breathed a prayer, and laid him down to die.

Then what a change came o'er his wonder ing soul! His pain departed, and around him stole A heavenly radiance, and before him stood Not the dear Lord, only an angel good. And in a voice so sweet that it awoke Strange theils of rapture in the mon spoke:

"To do God's will, my son, thou'st nobly and to thy prayer an answer now is given. Affix thy thoughts on Christ, gaze on my And soon thou'lt see the dear Lord take my

The monk complied; but at that instant A wounded traveler, bleeding, bruised and lame,

With tattered garments and with feet up Who cried: "I need thy help," and sank upon the sod.

At the faint cry, the monk half turned his head, But paused an instant, as the angel said: What! for this beggar would'st then turn And from the dear Lord who would bono

Since He hath done so much, can I do less Than comfort this poor man in his distres "I surely can not leave this man to die."
So saying, he arose, and, with a sigh,

A passing struggle; then the monk replied "E'en for this beggar the dear Lord hat

Unto the stranger's side he, tottering, sped Bound up his wounds, phlowed the achie Upon his cassock, bathed the bleeding feet and soothed the suffering soul with solace sweet.

While thus he labored, to the monk there A sense of joy and peace, as if a flame Of love breathed on him from Heaven

open door.
Thrilling his soul with bliss unknown before: What glerious transformation met his eyes! The tuttered garments shone a robe of light! und the face an aureole gleamed bright! Each silworken limb rounded by perfect The haggard features changed to linear ments divine!

The monk his Saviour knew, and bowed in And then a sweet voice sounded through the air: Who can, to do my work, his dearest wis

He, and he only, sees this face of mine." A dreamer's legend, say you? It may be, And you the lessons taught in Galilee

Of love to God and man can no'er grow old; And he was learns them well need not be -Lloyd G. Thompson, in N. Y. Indepen

UNFIT TO RULE The Evils and Dangers Which Would R

While 2 is unquestionably true of us, as human beings, that we naturally desire to have things according to our minds, it is equally certain that we are wholly unfitted for possessing such lib-erty. We are constantly liable to mistaken impressions, and we are never insured against wrong conclusions when left to ourselves. Certainly, our lives are full of mistakes actually made, and those barely escaped are quite numerous. The result of our expari-ence is by no means in favor of the fresumption that our mind is always right, and that it would always be well for us, or others, were we to invariably have things according to our mind. Very little do we know of the relations and bearings of what we would have, if we could have just what we want. Shortsighted, indeed, are we as to what might come to pass, through our having our own way. More evil than good might result. It is possible for us to see scarcely any end from the beginning. We can not look even through time, and much lass through eternity. What we regard as a bitter end in adversity may be but the insulable means employed for the accomplishment of the most desirable end. That which we lament as an evil may be incalculably good, and that which we deem a blessing may be only a curse.

What is man in comparison with God, that the events of this world should transgire according to the human rather than the Divine mind? Man, how ignorant, erring, impotent, sinful! In the frequent predominance of passion ever reason in the human mind, and in the liability of that mind to be wrongly bisseed, is seen its unit-ness to be the arbiter of destiny, temporal and external. If things were left to our easily, though hadly-infinenced minds, we should soon have abundant cause for the deepest regret and the loudest lamentation. We should be constantly harming ourselves by our mistaken preferences. Afflictions would be rejected by us, as a part of our experience, when they might "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Were our minds all-controlling, we might never be ready to leave this world, though "to depart and be with Christ is far better." Seldom should we choose what is really best, if it were for us to choose according to our pleasure. sumption that our mind is always right, and that it would always be well for

rightly disposed, we should not be equal to the demand for always having rightly disposed, we should not be sequal to the demand for always having our own way, since there is with us often an unsettled state of mind, which would poorly qualify us for acting with such a permission. We should oftentimes be most painfully and hopelessly in doubt as to what we ought to do. If things were always according to our mind, it might often be the case that we should not dare to have a mind. We might soon see the evils of choosing unwisely so as to affrightedly shrink from choosing at all. Often have we changed our minds, after which we could not be too thankful that we did not have what we wanted, and would have had if we could, though the consequences would have been injurious, if not fatal. Our present minds, also, may yet be changed, and ere long we may be glad enough that we did not have things our way, when we were intensely desirous of so having them, and could not endure the thought of being prevented.

It is the testimony of much if not all

prevented.

It is the testimony of much if not all of our experience, that we do not understand well how to choose our paths in life, or direct passing events, so as to most benefit ourselves or others, and that it is wise for us to resign ourselves cheerfully to the disposal of the divine mind, rather than to think of taking our destiny into our own hands, when we are so incompetent to perform what we might thus undertake.

— Watchman.

SELFISHNESS.

An Unbearable Trait Wholly Incompati-ble with Christianity.

A man can never be worth much to others as long as he has to wait upon himself and sit up with himself and look after himself. I am sorry for any man whose only job in this world is to sit up and look after a carcass weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds of solid concentrated selfishness. He has got an immense job on his hands, and I would rather try to satisfy all Chicago, and minister to every man in Chicago, than to look after such a character as that. Selfishness! There is not an element in selfishness There is not an element in selfishness that does not enter also into the punishment of pride. Hell, when you boil it down and bring it down to its last analysis, is pure, unadulterated, filtered selfishness. And, oh, how unbearable that is! If there is any thing incompatible with Christianity, it is selfishness. If there is any thing that Christianity will not have acquaintance with, if there is any thing that Christianity will not have acquaintance with, if there is any thing to do anity will not have any thing to do with, it is selfishness. Selfishness! If there is spirit in Christianity at all, it is a spirit of unselfishness. The grandest man in the city of Chicago is the most unselfish man in Chicago. I don't care who he is. I don't care where he lives. I don't care how much he is worth. I don't care how little he is worth. I don't care how old he is, or how

The grandest man in this city is the man who cares least for himself and the most for God and others. The grandest man I ever saw in my life was a little preacher in Georgia, who is now a little preacher in Georgia, who is now a plain, common circuit preacher. When I walk up into his presence he is the largest man I ever saw, and I whittle down to a point. I am the smallest man in the neighborhood. And the reasen he looks so large and I feel so small is because he is so truly devoid of setfish intent, even if there be some selfishness left in him. From the moment he wakes up in the morning, until he lies down at night, he is ing, until he lies down at night, he is thinking of "What can I do for others How can I help somebody to-day? Whom can I benefit? Where can I go to serve somebody? Is there a being in the universe that this dollar I have in my pocket will do more good to than it will to me?"—Rev. Sam Jones.

Doers of the Word.

ve doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness-of many Christians. Are there none of you who knew what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet you will not speak to him? See here, you have got work to do. When Christ found you, He said: "Go to work im my vineyard!" What were you hiredifor, if it was not to spread salvations? What blessed for? G my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servant of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! How few for Christ and His people! This is not like a servant.—

McCheype. in your Christianity? You have seen a

WISE SAYINGS. —The best way to keep good sets in memory is to refresh them with new.— Cato:

—A good conscience expects to be treated with perfect confidence. — Victor —Heaven is never deat but when man's heart is dumb. — Francis Quartes.

—People who are always taking care of their health are like misers who are hearding up a treasure which they never have the spirit to enjoy.—Sterne.

—The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of the sanctions of the law: the small men thinks of the sanctions of the law: the small men thinks of the law:

et the law: the small men thinks of the favors which he may receive.—Confucius.

—Blessed are those happy natures who always look on the bright side? Their buoyancy of spirit lift them above many of the illa and discomforts of life. Sorrow does not long press them down, for their native elasticity soon rehounds. For them the darkest cloud has a silver lining. They cheer and hearten the weak and despondent. They lessen sorrow and increase joy. Sunshine, light, warmth attend them. Theirs is a beautiful world.—Golden Rule.

Tip and Rollo.—Youth's Companion.

—Mr. S. W. Bennett, of Frelighsburg, Can., seeks to turn the tables on his critics in this way: "During my late sickness I was doctored thirty-one days for measles, and before it was discovered that I had the amall-pox the disease was scattered in different places. Now they blame me for this places. Now they blame me for this locause some of the people that called caught the small-pox and died. They say it was because I was not vaccinated but it is a poor rule that won't had been vaccinated they would not have caught the disease."

be rejected by us, as a part of our experience, when they might "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Were our minds all-controlling, we might never be ready to leave this world, though "to depart and be with Christ is far better." Seldom should we choose what is really best, if it were for us to choose according to our pleasure. We should be likely to run some terrible risks, to say the locause I was not vaccinated they would not have cought the disease."

Sunshine, light, warmth attend them. Theirs is a beautiful world.—Golden Rule.

Hat God be our friend, who can be our foe? And if God be against us who is strong enough to be our helper? Those who never change love their own ways better than the ways of truth. What stubborn people call "strength of mind" is only strength of mind" is